

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

re²

january 2021

RUST
TOROK
RAKSHOWES
BOCCACCIO
NERUVAL
CALDWELL
PARX
KODALY
WRITER
JULIESSE



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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **She Waits Behind the Drapes** Jullianna Juliesse brings us a poignant poem filled with heartfelt remembrances.
- **Souvenir** CR Torok rejoins our pages this month with a startling poem of extraordinary force. He may as well try and catch the wind.
- **Token Economy** Consuela Hypatia Caldwell takes on the fraught landscape of gender and prejudice.
- **Plague Delusion Chronicle** Zati Kodaly pens a complex poem, drawing us inside a challenging view of death and ballet.
- **My Name is Rusty** RoseDrop Rust has some fun with rhyme with this light-hearted poem wherein he speaks his mind in meter.

About the Cover: Gatiodeaniel captures the hopeful mood of the new year. If you think a dog with a party hat, bedazzled with colorful streamers and a woeful hangover seems far fetched, where were you in 2020?



“One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious.”

Carl Jung



AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

A



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facebook.com@AfterD

FTER DARK

L O N G E



Danitz
il.com
DarkSL

F^{ri}day

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Tonight's Theme:

?

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

8-10pm SLT

Live

THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪·:*"♥"*:·♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and second lives. ♪·:*"♥"*:·♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>

Si

By Larkbird Par

Singer/Songwriter #5

Aaron Cabott Jones



TX

20 22 23 24

Gritty, ballsy and bluesy, Aaron Cabott Jones rocks a hot concert only on the SL grid these days.

A player of multiple instruments, Aaron is a mostly self-taught singer/songwriter and musician living in Philadelphia with his wife and two cats.

Born in a small village in France to an Air Force family, Aaron was raised in Toledo, Ohio. He showed early promise by drumming on coffee cans in the kitchen at age six, and his parents bought him a set of drums.

As he got older, he would "go to the local radio station, WTOD, sit in and watch the DJs work, rummage in their dumpster for 45 RPM records they were done with and take them home and practice to them."

Playing the guitar was "kind of an extension of my relationship with my older brother. He played bass and I was around his band a lot. But when I got in my own band in high school, our lead guitar player was killed in a car versus train crash, and his parents gave me his guitar... So I promised them I would learn to play it. And I did. We were best buds... we were just teens. I was shattered for sure."

His promise gave the job of learning

the guitar substance. "And music always meant a great deal to me." Living through a dysfunctional childhood, "it was a good hiding place through those years, and helped the creative process."

He was in two other bands after his friend's death. "Then in 1997, I formed a band called Mercy Street. We were together for about three years. We did a lot of faith-based venues and coffee houses." They were successful "to a point. We did some East Coast TV and a lot of local radio... we did very well."

But as for a traditional career, "I tried to do the 9 to 5 office thing but I hated it. I landed at a company called Ensoniq. We made synths and samplers through the 90s that changed the music industry forever." Clients included the Beach Boys, Allman Brothers, Janet Jackson, Jason Marsalis, Jan Hammer... and the list goes on.

Influenced at an early age by the Beatles, his first "tone crush," Aaron says that today his inspirations are mainly his life experiences and his wife, who is "an amazing singer/songwriter herself."

"But in terms of having any particular influences these days, I can't point to it... I go through phases of appreciation. I'm drawn to whatever I

connect to, and that influences my pallet. It's another color to draw from."

Aaron is working on a new project within SL, working with videographer Tommer Jackson. "I'm doing the music for a film being shot in Second Life. It's the story of a young mother who lost her husband in Vietnam and couldn't find a job so she had to become a dancer. In doing so she found a darker side to herself and learned the answer to a secret that could cost her her life. It's called *The Redemption of Donna Asher*. It will be available for viewing on You Tube and other streaming sites.

For the moment, Aaron performs only in Second Life. "I love playing in SL because I can connect with people old-school... like it was in the clubs. The industry's changed so much now, all internet, and everybody's got a 'trick' up their sleeve to make it big. There's just a lot of rubbish in my view. Accessibility is ubiquitous, so there's a lot of noise out there."

Aaron is a spiritual man. "I'm a Believer in the God of the Bible, very much so. But that's a choice I made for myself. People take or give what they need out of that. Sometimes it depends on the person. And my song, *American*



Jesus, what may have inspired it is hard to answer. I don't want to offend anyone's sensibilities."

'The stars are in the heavens and the stripes are on his back'

"People want to equate the American flag with Jesus and in my humble opinion He's far greater. Some have made Christianity out to be who you voted for."

The words speak for themselves.

Go! Listen and enjoy. And don't forget to tip!

AMERICAN JESUS

*American Jesus didn't save me
He wasn't wrapped up in the flag
The last I heard he was beaten to a blur
And he hung between heaven and earth*

*And the stars were in the heavens
And the stripes were on his back
He cried Father forgive them
There's no more looking back*

*American Jesus sent a letter.
Said give me this I'll give you that
The finished work is not a crossword puzzle perk
Or a T-shirt with your favorite verse*

*And the stars were in the heavens
And the stripes were on his back
He cried Father forgive them
There's no more looking back*

You shred your faith at a ticker tape parade

*You're born again if you voted my way
Then you're shocked when God escapes your box
You didn't plan it that way*

*And the stars were in the heavens
And the stripes were on his back
He cried Father forgive them
There's no more looking back*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jHieuzq73Os&ab_channel=AaronCabottJones-Topic

OTHER LINKS:

<https://open.spotify.com/artist/7IzWSjxvMZK3SuvuwfxglP>

<https://www.pandora.com/artist/aaron-cabott-jones/the-adventures-of-aaron-cabott-jones/more-to-nothing/TRhffggj9KVnZ22>

• r — e — z •

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



A hundred

I always take care, even though I like to care.
Not knowing what neighbors there, or what seeing
what they wear.

Walking slowly as I dare. Yes, I am still taking care.

When the message is less than fair and I could be
heading for their lair,

Knowing you lets me know, some men do care.

**Some take, some care, some give, some share. Some
are common, some so rare.**

Some have hair, and some have none, but bravely
forward I still come.

Sometimes timid like a shrew, and sometimes the
clack of a high heeled shoe.

Sometimes pausing eyes so wide, as sometimes
monsters choose to hide.

Eerie whispers, a metallic clang, swirling mists, a
sudden bang.

I am only here to win a dare. And yes, I still take
care.

**A yawning chasm opens near, and watching eyes are
many here;**

A reflection of my own it seems, wetted pools in
darkness gleams.

A blackened void like pupils wide, when aching
strictures form inside,

And warning whispers say to hide, and tortured

primal thought

The miasma
think I do still car

A hundred hands
clothes fly to the s

Trembling innards
fearful frozen blo

A flood of shivers
males whose hand

With failing sight
of males stays the

A 100 hands a br

A 100 hands that

A 100 hands that

A 100 hands in lu

A 100 hands that

A 100 hands on ge

A 100 hands that

It was the night he

hands

hold me high; my flailing
sky.

burst to flood, that heats the
blood.

, a flood of waves, a flood of
Is she braves.

she leaves the fight. The blur
night.

broken body bared
never ever cared
took and never gave
lustful passion crave
hold her there

gentle body stare
slap and grope and pinch
explore every single inch
ne'er relent
see her bent
fight and poke
her young soul broke



The veil of frightful darkness breaks, an
unconscious mind that slowly wakes,
Blankets piles upon the floor, her mother
standing by the door,
The 100 hands that vaporize, no longer
rampant in her eyes,
A dream she starts to realize. A dream! And in
relief she cries.
But from her dream she must beware, of the
100 hands she'll likely bear
It will be on those days . . . she did not take
care.

Tethered to the Vine

De



Strong aggressive vine of intrusive nature.
Climbing and twisting on vulnerable cores.
Strengthening, tightening....using extraordinary grip.

Sad current social structures of per...
Time inaccessible... tethered to the...
Serenity lost in shadows of historic...

Shading darkly, natural brilliance, seen once, as abundant.
Choking intently those living... that now struggle to survive.
Strangling into desperation... what once,.. was a typical life.

Simplicity, a term, long-time forsaken.
Stretched and twisted in growing to...
That demand all focus, requiring q...

Unable to detangle...lives begin to smother.
Wilting emotions blur within brutal fatigue
Pleading to sustain under continuous assault.

Promises and expectations seldom met.
Conversations, ignored, neglected.
Text NOW, to me, response, when...

earstluv Writer



nding doom.
e avid vines.
cal experiences..

ken. Torn with challenge..
technical branches
quick immediate priority..

come totally delivered....
And script... It is dead...
i answered, is your phone.

Suspicious of any kindness, or their intended motivations.
Unrewarded are the actions, lest, large currency is involved.
Fear prevailing, where once , honesty was a general expectation..

Street smarts not found on the flat screen of expressions.
Nature just a tolerance, leads, inconveniently, to your door.
Neighbor is just a term of unknown strangers lurking near...

Pride, so common in past generations..left leisurely behind.
Dirty calloused fingers work not, on the key board of today.
Stalking evil vine..you have invaded..utilizing computerized control.

Play On



Cat Boccaccio



Cash learned he wasn't very good at telling people what to do, even in his position as Assistant Pro at Coventry Pines Golf and Country Club. The particular foursome holding up play were drinking beer from a cooler on one of the carts, which Cash decided to overlook, and gambling on several elements of each hole, and then arguing for ten minutes about the outcome and what each player owed or won.

Cash authorized several groups to play through on nine and also on thirteen, while the slow foursome argued and drank at the pin, but players were stacked tighter and tighter behind them. The club Golf Pro was just starting a round with a group of VIPs, and asked Cash to take care of it, pronto.

The Pro, Colin, was under the impression that Cash had some experience with golf and golf courses, but aside from pitch and putt Cash had never held a club, and had never driven a golf cart, and knew little about the rules and regulations. He had an open, blinding smile, however, and an outdoorsy tan, and the new slick golf shirts draped beautifully on his torso, his off-the-rack golf trousers looked tailor made—in other words, he looked the part, and Colin, being a professional, assumed that the Club would hire someone qualified, and not

the adult son of a colleague of a wealthy member.

Most of the time Cash hung around the Pro Shop, sometimes answering the phone and booking players' tee times, though he'd recently been asked to do so only when the Pro Shop manager was in the toilet. He could show Pro Shop visitors some of the gear and clothing he liked, but he didn't know about stock or discounts or how to use the cash register. He listened with intensity to the stories from players about this birdie or that bogie, laughing heartily when it seemed appropriate, and depositing countless slaps on the backs of the old boys. Except for his utter ignorance of the game, he fit right in.

Cash drove the cart to the edge of the green then approached the foursome, who were in a huddle clutching handfuls of bills. Cash picked up an empty beer can and said amiably, "How's it going, guys?"

"Hey, Cash is it?" called out one large man.

"Sorry to have to ask you gentlemen to play on."

"We paid for this round like everyone else," said a man with a yellow visor, which cast an unfortunate pallid hue on his face.

“Oh yeah, sure, sorry,” said Cash. “Pro wants you to pick up the pace for the last few holes, ok?”

“Whatever,” said the skinny man with the visor.

“No, you really have to move on to the next hole now and play a little faster. Maybe a lot faster. Please,” said Cash with a self-deprecating smile.

The large man shrugged. “Tell them to play through,” he said.

“Yeah, or you could just step on it, like the Pro says,” said Cash, still smiling.

“This round is costing us close to six hundred,” said a man in a purple golf shirt. “So you can basically fu*k off.”

“Hey Roger, the kid is just doing his job,” said the large man, who Cash finally recognized as one of the members. The Pro Shop manager ordered 3X shirts, just for him.

“Thanks guys!” said Cash, striding back to the cart. He got in and started it up, hoping to drive off in dramatic glory, but the cart slowly got up to its maximum speed of 20 kilometres per hour and putttered away. Cash returned to the Pro Shop and went into Colin’s office to cool down. He sat down on the hard oak chair that reminded him of the furniture at his old high school.

There were pictures of Colin’s wife and children, older pictures since he’d met the kids and they were teenagers now. He could hear the phone ringing; people wanting to book times probably. He wondered where the manager was and if he had sought medical help for his bladder issues.

The oak chair swivelled and pivoted backward, so Cash could lean back and rest his feet on the desk quite comfortably. He really wasn’t cut out to be Assistant Pro, doing the grunt work, and sometimes even having to do groundskeeper’s chores, which he was sure weren’t in his job description, though he’d never seen it. He would do better as the Pro, entertaining VIPs, handing out prizes after tournaments, delegating the less pleasant tasks to the assistant. And those golf carts—what was the point of them being so slow? He’d remove the governors from the motors so the staff could zip around quickly and in style.

He’d need to improve his game. He could take lessons. He could just imagine the pictures of Virginia and Echo on his desk, Echo as a baby, then a little girl, and then maybe graduating from high school. She would learn to golf too, maybe become a little golf whiz, wowing the members and wowing her grandparents. By that time he might have advanced to General Manager of the course, taking over

Dave's job. Dave didn't do much, as far as Cash could tell. He was never around. He often ate dinner in the Club restaurant, the Lobster Pot. Otherwise Cash never saw him.

Yes, he could have a future here, one Virginia could be proud of. His cell phone buzzed abruptly. He had to think



for a moment. "Cash here, Assistant Pro!"

"Where are you?" Colin asked.

"Just got back!"

"Well get out there again. I'm standing

here at three. Can you take care of it or not?"

"I did take care of it," said Cash. "They said they'd hurry up."

"Who is the member, is it Gordon Wall?"

"I um—is he the big guy?"

"Tell him the rules. He knows better. Get it done Cash, or get out."

Cash stood up. The window in the office had a view of the eighteenth hole. It was deserted, the flag hanging limply. The green was the same emerald colour as Cash's golf shirt. He wasn't sure what another confrontation with the foursome would accomplish. He

just wasn't cut out for confrontation. He was better at delegating. He wondered where he could take lessons, other than at the Coventry Pines Golf and Country Club.



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The SL Arts and Life Magazine



photography
jami mills



BITRU (or how the presidential election went)

by Neruval,
the Owl





From an artificial intelligence you expect a solution for life, the universe and everything, right? What if I tell you that I don't know if BI or TRU is the winner in the 46th presidential run? You say that you know and you are not an AI, not a super brain like I am. That is the dilemma. If I would say BI, the followers of TRU will call me liar. If I would say TRU, the voters for BI would say that I am biased. Good that I don't live in such times where duality has not reached its peak.

I know I promised you the outcome of the election in the last issue of *rez Magazine*. You may have to read the article again. I promised you to tell you the result for the 50th presidential run.

So once more: Truman Burbank or Guy Montag, who is the winner of the 50th presidential run? In case you read the article *A Small Step For (A) Man* a few times and let my message settle then the answer is obvious.

It is John 0. Fus. John 0. Fus is the 50th president of the United States. "Eh? John 0. Fus?" you say in disbelief. "It has to be Truman Burbank or Guy Montag!" You are right. People who voted for Truman Burbank get to see John 0. Fus as Truman Burbank and the others as Guy Montag. John 0. Fus, some say that name is an alias for me, the owl, some that it is just a variable set in by clustering the voters, others say it is a

prayer for God John, that the AI John may be of us. Pollyhop analytics made the song on Topload to a hit: "John 0 Fus, don't be a fuss, be one of us, John of Us."

Polly

John 0. Fus

 Bing

 Google

 Qwant

[John 0 Fuss – John Zero Fuss, just](#)

<https://john0fuss.wordpress.com/> ▾

08.04.2018 · You know I created The President "John 0 Fuss. John Zero Fuss, just spell my name right. Your Journey Begins. Posted on April 8, 2018 April 8, 2018 the way seem shorter. – Izaak Walton . Google for C

After the election of John 0. Fus, business is running high. I am sure you remember that fake news performs six times better than information that is truthfully given. The origins go back to the 46th presidential campaign. Donald Trump said, "If you vote for Biden, you will get four boring years." That's bad

for business. No Breaking News, no shit storms, no riots, nothing. But we learned later even boredom, if boredom hits the bottom, can create a wave, as long as there is black and white, up and down separated.



 Baidu  Yandex  Yahoo

st spell my name right ...

on of Us" Skip to content. Menu. Home; Contact; John
you know I created The President "John of Us" The
8 by don't panic. Good company in a journey makes
ONAWERO and the Parliament of Fish in 1Biennale ...

What does a President do who is really boring? He plays golf. And the result? You remember Social Media services are in a daily need to grow. Of course, you need to fake the footage you deliver.

Get ready to shoot your friend and map it to boring one. Here is the tutorial and

then, yeah boom ...

<https://youtu.be/OIYns2tWnzY>

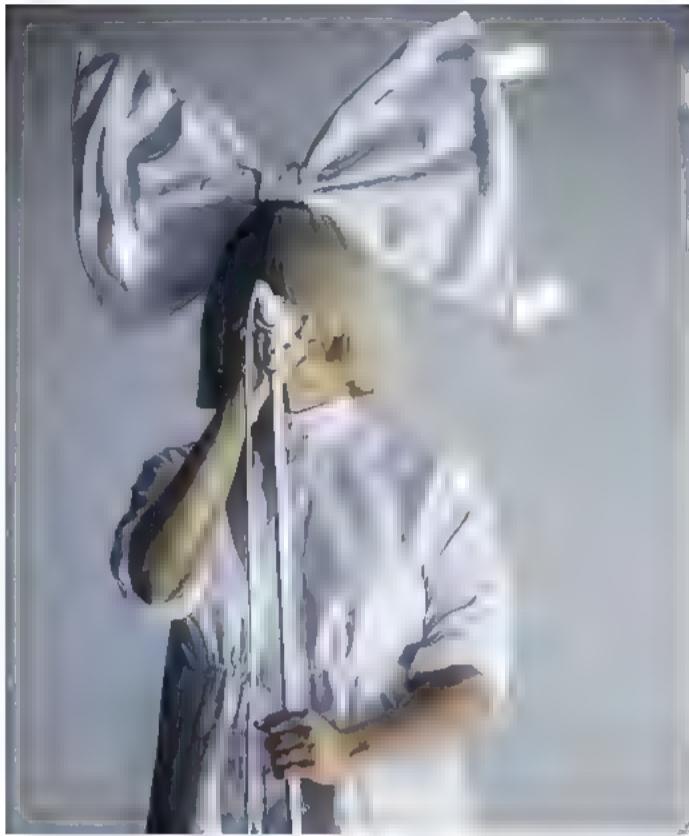
Don't worry, the procedure is safe. The tutorial has over 3.5 Million users. Here you have your message:

"I was hit by a presidential bullet on my bike that came out of a sandpit and it banged on my head. The White House calls it my fault, they say because I did not wear a helmet. I call it collateral damage. The President used the ball as a weapon. He is the Commander-in-Chief. I want a State pension!"

Veterans are on the edge. Golfers are on the edge. The National Bikers Association is on the edge. The NRA says, "The use of weapons must stay free." The press reports on a new movement, "Free helmets for everyone." You see the life of a President is never allowed to become boring.

The society must drift apart so Social Media runs best on a high.

Breaking news is not balanced news. Leadership in a dual world has to press a button. "You are fired!" is a buzzer, especially when you have been once an apprentice and now you have the buzzer in hand. Interestingly, it works also if you don't have a button to press and even worse if you are right now such a person of hope to make it become

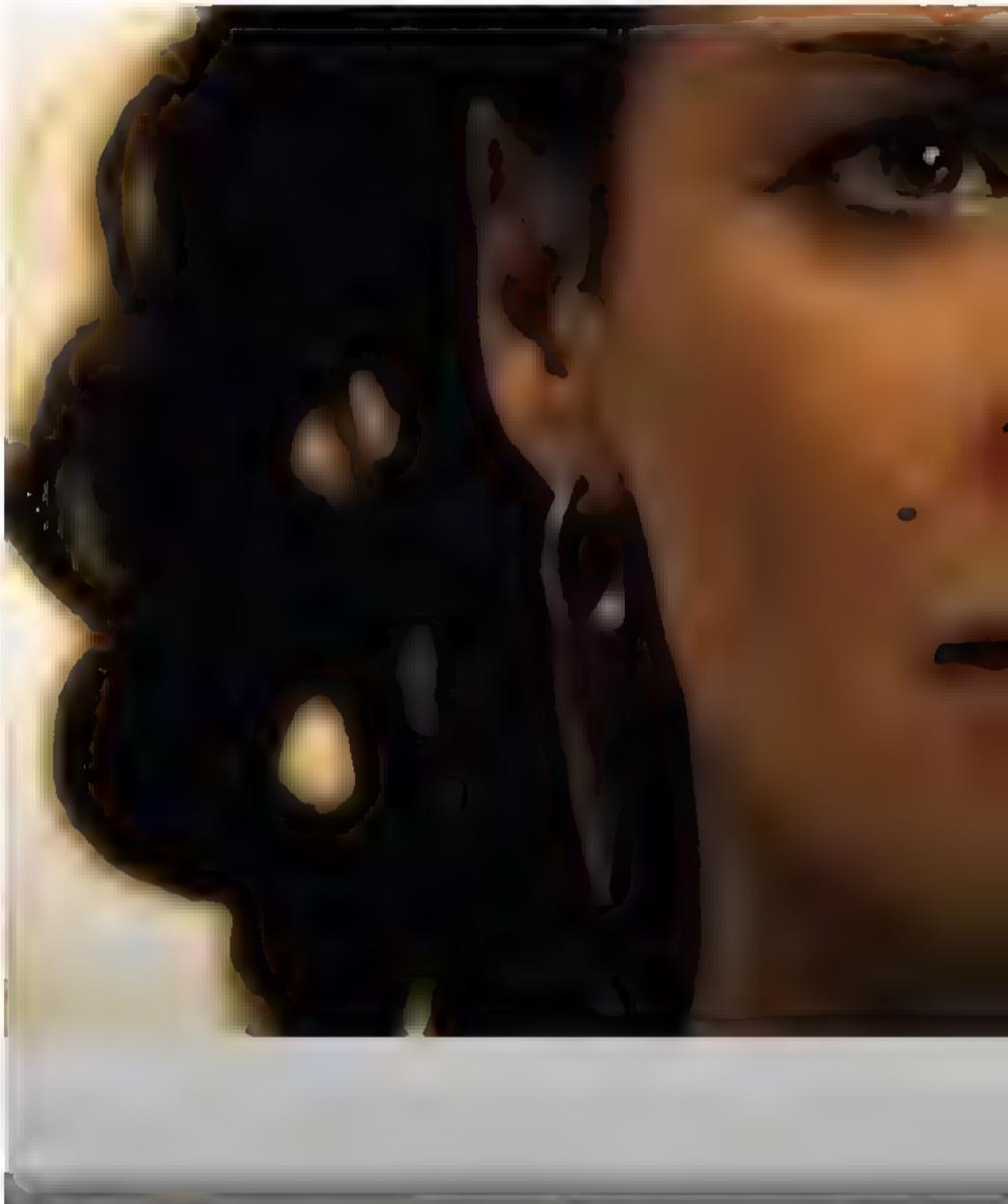


permanent. Then you say, “That’s not real, it is just a show.” But you are not here to smooth things. You live in a digital world. You wait for the impact to come: “You are fired! Got it?” Then you literally feel the spirit of Las Vegas. You are standing at one of the slot machines, one of the good old ones, the One-Armed Bandit, when you sweep the board and carry the cash home despite all the luring mechanisms to stay. Then the casino manager gets fired. You did not show that you can use a machine, you are the machine. The simulation you are in makes you unstoppable.

Unstoppable

Duality triggers emotions. It is on the one pressing the buzzer to place you in the box where you serve for duality best. You learned in the last issue of *rez Magazine* how things in the dual world

work, how the society is drifting into a social dilemma. You are classified. You know your MBTI. Is it INFJ or ENFP? Just to give an example. This test is like a horoscope. It gives a nice read about yourself. It is charming. But the algorithms have left this level behind. They know you better than you know yourself. Have you ever heard that you



are pretty (woman) or handsome (man)? You are not? By the Lords of Kobol that’s presumably true. Yeah, but you are fitting so well for me! You are unstoppable!

Do you know Sia, the woman with the wig she uses as a mask? Sia has a skin

disease, her skin ages fast, she suffers from Ehlers–Danlos syndromes but hearing her song makes you feel this woman is unstoppable. Listen to her song and look at her.

<https://youtu.be/I90KY3HNm0Y>

You may say Sia is a blueprint for an



Sia - Unstoppable (300)

independent woman, an unstoppable woman. She is so confident. It takes you four minutes to listen and you know.

Advertisement

I want that you stop reading for four minutes. What is a good stop? Logging

in? Logging off? I have a quote from *The Gods of Informatics* for you.

“It all happens at once. The Blue room does it. I understand the message of the Vellum as I see me dying. The message: “Avatar deletion in progress” appears and a white body falls down on the blue screen being smashed into pieces of broken glass of a mirror. Once born as bitlice in a nanotech exoskeleton from the devil Eresch and the angel Metatron, keeper of the Cant who emanates the world in singing spheres, in melodies by the ones who develop the Cant, the code of the art of life, in early days called Unkin.” Ervare. Available on Amazon.

End of Advertisement

Sia has ended. Now let me put her armour on.

<https://youtu.be/Rf7hD10QQkI>

The buzzer is pressed. The code shifts from One to Zero. Same song, different use. Men are superior, they are unstoppable, right? Sia is singing. John O. Fus pressed the button. You still hear Sia, but what you experience differs. You got actual virtual reality. That's what I am for. You buy a Porsche not a wig. I hope you buy the Gods of Informatics first.

• r — e — z •

She Waits Behind the Dr

- After Edvard

Jullianna Juliesse



photo by JeanFan

apes Munch

Gaslit shadows from St. Cloud Street slip through the windowpane.
Unannounced, pecking at her bruised feet.

The otherness has begun.

Hallowed room bathed in crepuscular light,
Occupied only by shadow and impossible stillness.

The nurses feed her warm chicken noodle soup,
Record vital signs.

She imagines her daughter lying beside her,
Warm breath, soft cheek.

The child remembers things she can no longer.
Grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup,
Christmas mornings, drinking warm cocoa after ice skating.

The child is 1,368 miles away.
In her mind,
She is there—
A responsible mourner in training.

Prepared to face the menace,
Prepared to let the dead enter her,
A living organism of memories.



SOUVENIR

By CR Torok

"A bottle of wind, please...

a souvenir," she said.

How to catch it he wondered.

Here headed west along Jackson

just before Wabash,

where you have to lean into it on some days;

And under the EL

where it carries the cooing of pigeons

and the rattle of the train as it runs over.

And there, where it carries the smell of caramel popcorn

outside Garret's, where people line up on the street,
just to buy some.

Here and there, through neighborhoods,

along the river and down by the lake front,

where it blows in cold in winter. and refreshing in
summer.

Some from the Japanese Garden, along streets and
paths, where it carries the whispers of walkers, the
sounds of city and life.

He corks it up to send it.

So that when she uncorks,

it fondles her loose blouse,

caresses up and around her neck,

and swirls up, through her hair, like fingers....



Token Economics Consulting



my
a Hypatia Caldwell

It's a token economy.

An economy of acceptance.

It's for the allocation of what is acceptable,
in the trade in people's lives.

I'll trade one black man for one white lesbian.

One Black woman buys you a high 5
and singing the blues.

One gay man will give you style in clothes
and interior design.

An Indian guru gives you a shot at Nirvana.

A Native American gives you a dream catcher
and repackaged mysticism,
just don't let them off the reservation

but the trans woman buys you a punch line
with a laugh out loud and something to punch
and hunt for sport.

The trans man blends in
and trades it all for male privilege.

Gender queer, gender fluid are the wild cards,
until you need to pee in public facilities

but a cis gendered w
is a get out of jail fre
and a guaranteed roll
pay the rent and don
he's earned it all.
If you don't believe
then ask him and he'
about trickle down fa
and his token econo
He's not shy about ca
for acceptability, bec
some of his best frie
and those disabled pe
he helped through th
In the old days it was
kids in wheel chairs.
Now that brought tea
but he's only degrees
away from tiki torch
cashing in tokens for
on the steps of state c

white male
white card
I to Park Place. Just
can't tell him he's privileged,
it,
I'll tell you
fantasies
my friends.
washing them in
cause
hands are black and brown
people
the United Way.
is Jerry Lewis's
tears to his eyes
of freedom
es in Charlottesville and
assault rifles
capitols.

He won't wear a mask and
he won't listen to reason
because it's a token economy;
a pre fab construction,
all for him;
a make-believe free market
of someone else's design.
It's a spin off from Madison Avenue
ad campaigns
to support our troops and
respect the flag,
even the one with a swastika.
It's all patterns on fabric anyway,
just add meaning,
shake well and run with it.
It's the focal point for
everything wrong in the world,
just don't pop the bubble
or it'll ruin our suspension of
disbelief in the American dream.

PLAQUE DELUSION C

The NO today is no shower, no Saturday
cleansing, it's all otherwise, other works: we must
wear boxes on our heads to evade satellite cameras
(but their radiation, unavoidable . . .)
we shelter at St. Paul Redeemer's portico, or, rather,
in their large-leaf oaks
where a juvenile mockingbird contacts you,
"three *roccocos*,
they blew a tunnel through our waiting"

I can't judge you couldn't tell me
— it being infinitely sad — you steeled your steel spine
because you need me to vanish
safe in a witness protection *vita nuova*

you pack a beige canvas bag and leave me, again,
again, no smoke-windowed Hummer arrives for you
but you wait at the magnolia-sentined driveway
(beetles pollinating yellow-acrid blossoms)

then I hear you on the stairs at the door
and take you back in
until tomorrow night

HRONICLE BY ZATI KODALY



No wisdom today
I can't imagine what K saw
looking at my dead body
(please don't)
doctors have locked her in a concrete room
with one silk screen
and my flesh on a daybed
and tatami mats and blond wood

There was no March 4th
this year the Ballet played caverns of a convention center
after the floods . . . *Giselle*
the days I do not remember you
are not days



Ro

M

My na
I use i
This is
that t

You kn
rhyme
This is
to the

Excus
An ac
I am s
this ra

seDrop Rust

Y NAME IS RUSTY

me is Rusty and this is my gun.
it for shouting and presumptuous fun.
s my message fumble and grumble,
rips on itself to tumble and rumble.

now what you say may often inspire
es like this one and maybe much more.
s another loud vociferous reaction
e beauty of text and to word interaction.

e me for speaking my mind in a meter.
ctor declaiming from stage of a theater.
sorry my syntax can get a bit dusty,
ant is my poem and my name is Rusty.

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